

TWO.

BY HELEN M. WINSLOW.

Two streamers, I know, whose head waters clear
Intermingling their murmuring
But one seeks the north, and the other flows
south.
By a roundabout course and a long
And the stream which at first bled every low
strain
Flowing ever into the deep sea.
Leave constantly wider the distance between,
—As between you, love, and me.

Two hearts I once knew, who dwelt side by side,
And whose thoughts intertwined with each
other.
But differing aims led by separate paths
And each sought his joy in another.
And the two which at first close together were
bound
Drift apart on the world's changing sea.
And the distance grows wider as years roll by,
As between you, love, and me.

MY FIRST VOYAGE.

(New York Sun.)

"I reckon my voyage was a memorable
one," said an old South Street merchant,
speaking of his sailor days. "The Blue
Coat was a neat Boston ship. She was load-
ing for Pernambuco when I went on board.
Her Captain's name was John Salisbury, and
a great big Yankee, and Bevin was a natty
little fellow from Baltimore. They were
great chums, too, and when I was at work
polishing up the bright work about the quar-
ter-deck every morning, I used to hear them
talking about their families and other
private matters. Just across the pier was
another Boston ship called the Alice, load-
ing for Pernambuco, and the consequence
was that an intense rivalry sprang up be-
tween the two Captains. We were getting
our cargo stowed first, but the other Captain
saw he would beat us sailing, and so catch
the market first. Another reason why Cap-
tain Salisbury was anxious to make a short
passage, was that his wife and two-year-old
baby were in England visiting, and were go-
ing to sail in the old packet ship Ranger from
New York, in time to eat the Christmas tur-
key at home, and as we were put to sea be-
fore the end of September, we had a chance
of getting back for the same occasion.

"The crew, and there were twenty of them,
tumbled their chests over the rail before the
last barrel was stowed. I reckon I'll never
forget two of them. One was a great broad-
shouldered fellow, too big to be quick. His
name was Jim McAdam, and a better man
on a topsail ballast or a weather-earring
never smoked a pipe. However, he seldom
got the weather-earring, because the other
chap, whose real name was Henry Darnley,
but who was known as Dandy, seldom gave
him a chance. Dandy was as handsome a
man as you could find in a week's search
among sailors' boarding houses. He had
curly brown hair, blue eyes, with a sort of
sardonic look in them, a spot five feet ten
in height, and small, but in dress and bearing
gave him the nickname. McAdam was
known as Baldy Jim, for reasons that were
obvious when his hat was off. Of course
these two men did not agree well, and as
Baldy was aggressive, Dandy was im-
posed upon, and he became the ruler of the
starboard watch. When we got to sea I
very soon learned that a certain personal re-
gard which Captain Salisbury had for my
father did not save me from becoming Baldy's
body servant, and that was about the most
unfortunate position a boy could hold.

"The second day out, as we were going be-
low for the afternoon watch, Baldy ordered
me to grease his boots, which I did after he
was snoring. I was inwardly cursing the
fate that took me to sea, when Dandy came
down the ladder, looked at me a minute, and
then turned in, for we were all in one watch.
I did a good job, and about three hours later
was routed out by the watch on deck. There
was a brisk wind blowing, and just as Baldy
reached the deck a sea came over the rail for-
ward and dished down around him thor-
oughly wetting one foot, because his boot
had a hole in it. I was known as 'useless.'

"Here, 'useless,' said Baldy, 'you little
beast, why the—didn't you grease the
cracks?'"
"I was mad, and was about to say some-
thing to show it, when Baldy, with his big
foot, lifted me clear into the lee scupper.
It was an awful kick. I crawled to the edge
of the forehatch, but no medicine could have
relieved me so much as what followed. The
men of both watches, excepting Dandy,
laughed at me. When I reached the hatch
combing he turned imperiously.

"Ask the boy's pardon. He did a good
job on the boots, for I saw him at it."
"That was a stunner and no mistake. For
mannered Dandy to tell the boss of the
forecastle to ask a boy's pardon was too much.
Baldy just dropped a bit, as if to get a belt
hold on something, and then started for
Dandy. The result nearly turned the fore-
castle upside down. He didn't take a step
till Dandy met him, and then something
seemed to lift him into the air. His left
shoulder struck the deck first, and then the
big boots came down with racket, that
brought Mr. Tullis, the second mate, and
Captain Salisbury forward.

"What's up here?" said Mr. Tullis.
"I am, sir. No man shall strike me,"
said Dandy, with a look that said he was
made for Dandy again. He got no farther
than before. His head struck the deck first
again.

"Avest or I'll put you in irons for a
month," said the Captain. "What do you
mean by that?"

Baldy crawled on the hatch much as I had,
and then, there being nothing small about
him, told the truth about the whole matter.
After that nobody was so much respected in
the forecastle as Dandy. But when one of
the crew tried afterwards to chaff Baldy
about the licking, not a word came across the
jaw that made his teeth rattle, and Baldy
said: "Well you can't do it if Dandy
kicks."

"All this time we'd been carrying on sail,
and the Blue Coat was just humping herself.
Captain Salisbury knew a thing or two
about ships, and he wasn't going to let any
rival ship get in ahead of him if he knew it.
After the first two weeks he used to ask the
lookout about every time a sail was reported
if it was a square sail or a raffe. A raffe
was the name he gave to the little three-
cornered sky-sails which the Alice carried
above her royals. He was awfully excited
when the lookout reported a topsail schooner
on the weather beam one day.

"However, the wind held us well, and just
twenty-two days from the time we passed
Baldy took pilot was coming on board at
Pernambuco, and was telling the Captain that
the other ship had not arrived. We came to
anchor inside the bar before night, and the
old man looked up the consignees and the
custom officials. He was regular
for two days and then the triangles
showed up in the offing. The Alice should
have left four days after we did, and the
Captain swore he didn't get away for five.
"You know how long it takes to discharge
a cargo in a South American port even now,
and it was worse in those days. I was De-
cember 1 when we got away. I remember
that Captain Salisbury was walking

up and down the quarter-deck as the
lead grew faint in the distance, and was
singing to the little mate, "Bevin, she's
three days out of Liverpool. Hailday will
take her the warm passage. The Ranger is a
fine ship, but wife and boy, Bevin, are sea-
sick." Presently the Captain went below,
leaving Mr. Bevin to carry on every stitch
of canvas the old Blue Coat would stand.
"What made this voyage more exciting to
us, and perhaps, more depressing to the Cap-
tain, was the fact that the Alice's Captain
had hopped on the rail as we sailed out by
him, and had said he would be right after
us next day. We didn't believe that, but
we knew he was a veteran sailor. Captain
Salisbury headed well out to seaward, hop-
ing to catch the northeast trade better, and
day and night kept every stitcher. It takes
a man of nerve to carry on all sail at night,
but that is the way the famous passages were
made with the old-time packets and clip-
pers.

"We had pretty good luck until we were
somewhere in the latitude of the Bahamas,
but away to the eastward in longitude 58 de-
grees. Then it fell a dead calm. A gale at
sea is something bad, a fog is worse, but the
worst of all is a calm under a burning sun.
It makes me tired even, to this day, to think
of what we suffered for five days. The sails
hung limp, and rattled idly as the ship rolled
in the gentle swells, or rushed against the
masts with a boom when it caught a right.
And the tar was melting off the rigging and
dripping down, and the pitch was oozing up
out of the deck seams and running across the
deck, and the men, without cessation, sawed
on the braces day and night or painted the
buli on the sunny side. The Captain got
wild, and never seemed to leave the deck.
He would climb the rigging to look for a
cal'spew of wind, and then come down and
curse himself for getting off so far to the
northward.

"To add to his grief, just as the light began
to show in the east on the morning of the
sixth day, we discovered a sail, just appear-
ing as a speck above the horizon to the south-
ward. The Captain's glass was on it in a
minute, and the next moment he was jump-
ing up and down the quarter-deck, livid with
rage, but speechless. The sail was a triangle.
The Alice was overhauling us. Half an
hour later, our royals began to lift with the
breeze, that had by that time brought the
topmost sails of the Alice in sight. All
hands were called to set the starboard sail,
and no one was allowed thereafter to go below.
Men were even kept with the braces in their
hands, while the Captain looked alternately
at the triangles stern and the trim of his
own sails aloft. Breakfast was served to
the men on deck. We drifted
along without gaining an inch on the Alice,
until 10 o'clock. Then, without warning,
the wind hauled around on the other quar-
ter. The sparker jibed over in a jiffy, and
there was a rush to the braces. The men
were tumbling constantly forward, but no
attention was paid to that, although they
had not been allowed four hours of unbroken
sleep that week. When the yards were
trimmed and the starboard sails were set on
the other side we began to rather beat head-
ward than before, but as the Captain was
noticing this, he saw that the Alice was
losing her still better wind than he. Just
then Dandy from the foretopmast yard
shouted:

"On deck there. Boat afloat on the lee
bow, sir."

"A moment later he said: 'There's some
one in her, sir. I saw an arm waved above
the gunwale.'"

"Then he jumped on a back stay and came
down hand over fist. The Captain and Mr.
Bevin were both looking for the boat with
their glasses, and pretty soon they saw her.
They didn't look long before the Captain said:
'The man was mistaken, Bevin. There's no
one in her.'"

"That's quite right, sir. But see that—
Alice raising us yet?"

"They both looked over the taffrail and
swore loudly. Dandy stepped to the leeward
and said:

"Captain," said he, "there's someone afloat
in that boat, sir. I know what I see, sir, and
I believe it's a woman. It's clear murder to
leave the boat afloat."

"The Captain gave one glance at the Alice,
and then turned to thrash Dandy.

"Both men were very red in the face when
the Captain struck out. He was quicker than
Baldy, but he only reached Dandy's arm,
and the next instant he was sprawling on
the deck. Before Mr. Bevin could rightly
shoot 'Mulhny,' as he tried to do, he was
lying on his back, and the Captain was
trying him with a piece of the signal hall-
iards, which he cut with a slash of his knife,
swearing, meantime, that he would cut the
heart out of the one that moved first.

Hardy was alongside immediately, and before
Mr. Tullis could get his head out of the
companion way he got a rap on it. Others of
the crew took a hand in, and in three min-
utes the officers were sitting in a row against
the taffrail, with their hands behind their
backs and their legs tied together like two
pairs of backlogs.

"Now," said Dandy, "I'm in charge of this
ship till we pick up that boat. Then we'll
turn it over to the lawful officers again, if so
be that we are not going to get into any
trouble about this little scrimmage. Jump
aloft there, some of you, and get in those
stun' sails."

"The stun' sails were soon in, for the men
worked with a will. Then we squared away
the yards and were soon heading for the
boat. The breeze was freshening, and in less
than fifteen minutes, when I had an oppor-
tunity to jump up into the main rigging, we
were so near that as I turned to look I
could see very plainly into the
boat when it rose on a wave. Aft in the
bottom, a child was crawling about. A
white tarpaulin was stretched over the three
after thwarts, and in the bow was the form
of a man huddled up and motionless. Then
a small white boat came up, and the child
the tarpaulin as if to find the child. Once it
was away from the rail, and Dandy, who, with
the men stood on the quarter deck, said:
"There, that was the motion I saw, and it's a
woman."

"I jumped down on deck, Dandy was a
board, and the main yards were thrown
back and the ship lost her headway. The
strange boat was under the starboard quarter.
I was quick as a monkey in those days. I
landed at one jump on the forethwart with the
end of a rope in my hand. I made it fast,
and the second rope, which was crying
loudly in a big market basket with
Dandy lowered down. Then I shinned up
the impromptu painter, determined to see
the baby, for I had a brother of his size at
home. I reached the rail as Dandy lifted
the youngster from the basket. At the same
moment Captain Salisbury, by a violent
effort freed one hand, leaped in, feet
bound as he was, and then fell headlong
toward the child. He had fainted.

"Let me see," continued the merchant,
after a moment's pause, in which he picked
an old scrap book from a shelf and opened
it. "This tells the rest of the story. He
pointed to a newspaper clipping, which read:

WHERE BUCHANAN LIVED.

The Home of the Fifteenth President of the United States.

Within sight of the city of Lancaster, Pa.,
writes a correspondent, on what is known as
the Marietta pike, stands Wheatlands, for
many years the residence of James Buchanan,
fifteenth President of the United States.
The house is a plain but substantial brick
residence, and stands some distance back
from the road, almost hid by the trees and
shrubs that surround it. It makes no preten-
sions to architectural beauty, but has on its
face an expression of ease and refinement.
On retiring from the house from the road,
the house is a plain but substantial brick
residence, and stands some distance back
from the road, almost hid by the trees and
shrubs that surround it. It makes no preten-
sions to architectural beauty, but has on its
face an expression of ease and refinement.

On retiring from the house from the road,
the house is a plain but substantial brick
residence, and stands some distance back
from the road, almost hid by the trees and
shrubs that surround it. It makes no preten-
sions to architectural beauty, but has on its
face an expression of ease and refinement.
On retiring from the house from the road,
the house is a plain but substantial brick
residence, and stands some distance back
from the road, almost hid by the trees and
shrubs that surround it. It makes no preten-
sions to architectural beauty, but has on its
face an expression of ease and refinement.

The Wheatlands contain twenty-two acres
of the best and richest Lancaster County
farm lands. On the death of President Bu-
chanan the property passed into the hands
of Harriet Lane (Mrs. Johnson), the mis-
tress of the White House under Buchanan's
administration. While she owned it the house
was almost totally unoccupied. Only occa-
sionally she spent a few months in the sum-
mer here. In 1881 she sold the place to the
present owner, Mr. George B. Wilson, by
whose kindness we were permitted to see the
house and grounds. Mr. Wilson has in his
possession the original deed from Mr. Mer-
edith to President Buchanan. It is written
on parchment, and is a very beautiful and
elaborate document.

The house and grounds being to long un-
occupied had fallen into neglect, but are be-
ing put in good condition as rapidly as pos-
sible by the present owner. The house has
been kept in almost exactly the same condi-
tion in which it was left by President Bu-
chanan at the time of his death, June 1, 1868.
From the front we enter into a wide, lofty
hall, which divides the main part of the
house and meets at the back a diagonal hall
opening into either wing. The floor of the
hall is of cold white marble, and the walls
are painted. To the left as we enter the hall
is situated the parlor, a room about 23x30
feet, with high ceiling. The walls are
papered, and it is heated by an open fire-
place. Every room in the house, and there
are nineteen, is heated by an open fireplace.
Except the library, in which there is a stove.
The parlor is heated by a large wood-burn-
ing stove to the north and east. The house
contains many windows, and the rooms always
were a light and cheerful aspect. Much of
the original furniture of the parlor remains,
notably the old three-cornered piano pre-
sented to Harriet Lane by President Bu-
chanan. We touched its keys and found its
tones still full and sweet. On the opposite
side of the hall is the dining-room. In the
corner stands the old clock of President
Buchanan, still keeping good time. In the
center of the room is his dining table, a solid
walnut table with very curiously carved
legs.

In the left wing of the house is the library.
Here, at a window looking to the north over
rich farms and thrifty-looking homes, was
the favorite seat of Buchanan. He loved to
sit and read or write, and here he wrote
the room is about thirty by eighteen feet. An
old and very curiously carved and inlaid
writing desk of Buchanan's occupies one cor-
ner. Several old chairs and an old sofa cov-
ered with brown Persian leather are still in
the library. The wood-work, together
with the tones and above used by the Presi-
dent, are still doing active service.

The rooms on the second floor are arranged
in exactly the same way as those down stairs.
The room in which Buchanan died is over the
library, and commands a view from both
sides, the north and south. In the rear of
the house are the gardens. The walks are
edged with evenly trimmed boxwood and
rose bushes. There are many rare and
beautiful varieties of roses among them.
There is also a small orchard of fruit trees
in the rear of the house. Here grow two sack-
pear trees presented to Buchanan by Presi-
dent Pierce.

Still farther back and crowning the top of
the gentle elevation, about half way up
which stands the house, is an old forest of
ancient oaks and chestnuts. Here in this
old country house, Buchanan lived and
died. For three days he lay in state in the cold,
lofty hall. His funeral service was preached
by his friend and neighbor, Dr. John W.
Nevin. He is buried in Woodward Hill cem-
etery, just south of the city of Lancaster.
On the brow of a steep lane overlooking the
quiet water of the Conestoga, where it
breaks abruptly through the hills, rest his
mortal remains. A plain marble slab marks
the place, bearing only this inscription:

JAMES BUCHANAN,
Fifteenth President of the United States,
Born in Franklin Co. Pa. Dec. 12, 1791.
Died at Wheatlands, June 1, 1868.

The Gift is Not Hereditary.
(Courier-Journal.)

The story of Secretary Lamar's gorgeous
bath room having been a fiction, the
Republicans have found another vulnerable
point at which to savagely attack the ad-
ministration. They have discovered that
President Cleveland's grandfather—whether
on his father's or mother's side they did not
specify—wrote poetry.

Alternately Shaken and Scorched
by the paroxysms of chills and fever, the wretched
sufferer for whom quinine has been prescribed,
seems in vain to exterminate the dreadful disease
with that hurtful palliative, which at best only
mitigates the violence of the fits, and eventually
proves highly injurious to the system. In order to
effect a thorough cure of malarial fever, whether
intermittent or remittent, or to render the system
impervious to its attacks, Hostetter's Stomach
Bitters should be used daily. This medicine
is a searching eradicator of diseases generated by
a miasm, and a reliable safeguard against them, is
a fact so widely recognized in this and other coun-
tries that to adduce evidence in support of it is
unnecessary, but were it not for the fact that it
is able to do so, it may well be supposed that from
the testimony corroborative of its claims, which
has been accumulating for over twenty-five
years and over, sufficient proofs might be gathered
to convince the most inveterate skeptic.

When calves are to be weaned and fed with
skim milk the chance from which a skim
milk should be gradual, or else scum may
be the result. Cornmeal should also gradually
be added to the skimmed milk.

The Babies in the Cradle.
Babies are very little things, yet they leave
great care behind them, and when they
grow up, mothers save your little ones by
giving them Parker's Tonic when they show
signs of being unwell. This famous remedy
is so pleasant that any infant will take it,
and it will soon quiet and remove their aches
and pains.

Young Men—Read This.
The Voltaic Belt Company, of Marshall,
Mich., offer to send their celebrated Electro-
Voltaic Belt and other Electric Appliances
on trial for thirty days, to men (young or
old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of
vitality and manhood, and all kindred
troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia,
paralysis and many other diseases. Com-
plete restoration to health, vigor and man-
hood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as
thirty days' trial is allowed. Write them at
once for illustrated pamphlet free.

Young Men—Read This.
The Voltaic Belt Company, of Marshall,
Mich., offer to send their celebrated Electro-
Voltaic Belt and other Electric Appliances
on trial for thirty days, to men (young or
old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of
vitality and manhood, and all kindred
troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia,
paralysis and many other diseases. Com-
plete restoration to health, vigor and man-
hood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as
thirty days' trial is allowed. Write them at
once for illustrated pamphlet free.

Young Men—Read This.
The Voltaic Belt Company, of Marshall,
Mich., offer to send their celebrated Electro-
Voltaic Belt and other Electric Appliances
on trial for thirty days, to men (young or
old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of
vitality and manhood, and all kindred
troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia,
paralysis and many other diseases. Com-
plete restoration to health, vigor and man-
hood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as
thirty days' trial is allowed. Write them at
once for illustrated pamphlet free.

Young Men—Read This.
The Voltaic Belt Company, of Marshall,
Mich., offer to send their celebrated Electro-
Voltaic Belt and other Electric Appliances
on trial for thirty days, to men (young or
old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of
vitality and manhood, and all kindred
troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia,
paralysis and many other diseases. Com-
plete restoration to health, vigor and man-
hood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as
thirty days' trial is allowed. Write them at
once for illustrated pamphlet free.

Spring Medicine

When the weather grows warmer, that
extreme tired feeling, that loss of appetite,
dullness, languor, and lassitude, afflict
almost the entire human family, and acro-
nula and other diseases caused by humors,
manifest themselves with many. It is im-
possible to throw off this debility and expel
humors from the blood without the aid of a
reliable medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla.
"I could not sleep, and would get up in
the morning with hardly life enough to get
out of bed. I had no appetite, and my
face would break out with pimples. I bought

At no other season is the system so sus-
ceptible to the beneficial effects of a re-
liable tonic and invigorant. The impure
state of the blood, the deranged digestion,
and the weak condition of the body, caused
by its long battle with the cold, wintry
blasts, all call for the reviving, regulating
and restoring influences so happily and
effectively combined in Hood's Sarsaparilla.
"Hood's Sarsaparilla did me a great deal
of good. I had no particular disease, but
was tired out from overwork, and it toned
me up." Mrs. G. E. SIMMONS, Cohoes, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

A bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and soon
began to sleep soundly; could get up with-
out that tired and languid feeling, and my
appetite improved." E. A. SANFORD, Kent, O.
"I had been much troubled by general
debility. Last spring Hood's Sarsaparilla
proved just the thing needed. I derived an
immense amount of benefit. I never felt
better." H. F. MILLET, Boston, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Made
only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Made
only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar

Cheap Wives.

(New York Times.)

Young men desiring inexpensive wives
will do well to proceed immediately to
Rochester, N. H., where they will find what
a bargain would call a "well-bred" of mar-
riageable girls at prices that defy competition.
The young men of Rochester, like other
New England young men, are not inclined
to marry New England girls. Whatever
may be the real reasons for this ab-
stention from marriage, the Rochester young
men recently claimed exemption from mar-
riage on the ground that they could not
afford to support wives. In so doing they
did not remember that the New England
girl is a reasoning being, endowed with a
knowledge of arithmetic and capable of mak-
ing estimates. The Rochester girls meet
together and draw up a scheme setting forth
the proper household expenses of a family of
six—that being, in their opinion, the very
largest family compatible with decency and
order. They estimated that such a
family could be comfortably supported
on \$408 per annum, to the
wife of \$80 per annum for her wardrobe.
Copies of this scheme were made and sent to
all the unmarried young men of Rochester,
and the latter can no longer pretend that
they can not afford to marry.

It is hardly probable that the total sum of
\$450 would suffice to pay the personal ex-
penses of a husband in addition to all the
other family expenses. The Rochester
young ladies have, it is understood,
estimated that a man's clothing ought to
cost him not more than \$20 a year, and that
\$7.50 will supply him with all the cigars
that he can possibly smoke. There is prob-
ably an error here. Only 300 cigars at two
and a half cents each could be bought for
\$7.50, and few men would be content with
one cigar every week day. The average
New Hampshire husband may be expected
to smoke at least \$14 worth of cigars annu-
ally, and in most cases \$50 would not more
than pay the cost of his clothes.

If we increase the estimates in accordance
with these figures we shall find that a family
living in Rochester, N. H., for about
\$575 a year. There can be no mistake about
this, for the Rochester young ladies have
demonstrated it on paper. If the Rochester
young men know what is best for themselves
they will marry Rochester girls without a
moment's delay, for as soon as it is known
that desirable wives can be had in Rochester
at such a ridiculously cheap rate the town
will be invaded by hundreds of appreciative
men. No such inducements to marry have
ever hitherto been offered, and if the Roch-
ester girls are made of good materials they
ought to be the best investment ever
offered to the public.

Adams' Eccentric Costume.
Washington Correspondence Boston Budget.
John Quincy Adams made but one visit to
his home in Massachusetts while he was Presi-
dent. He was absent from Washington
about three weeks, and Mr. Clay, then Sec-
retary of the Government during that time,
temporarily holding his office in the Executive
Mansion instead of the Department of State.
The day after the President left Washington,
Mr. Duff Green, editor of the Telegraph, ad-
vised Adams to be run away, and offered \$1,000
reward for his capture.

During the visit of Mr. Adams to Quincy
he was somewhat remarkable for the ec-
centricity of his costume. One morning a gen-
tlemen from Rhode Island, Mr. Cranston,
arrived as a member of Congress, arrived at
the residence of Mr. Adams. Mr. Adams, with
a letter from his son-in-law in that State, Mr.
Henry DeWolf, requesting him to present
the bearer to the President, Mr. Marston
was on the point of leaving home for Boston,
and Mr. Cranston and himself proceeded to
attend to the matter. The President came in
from his garden at a short jacket and pant-
alons of striped jeans and a cloth hat of the
value of five cents. Mr. Marston, who had
no time to lose as the stage was waiting,
presented Mr. Cranston to his Excellency
with the virtue of "This Mr. Cranston,"
the President of the "United States." Mr.
Cranston, agape at the curious figure which
confronted him, exclaimed, "This the Presi-
dent of the United States?" and Mr. Marston
took his leave, not without some curiosity to
learn the termination of an interview so un-
favorably commenced.

To Clean a Spice Mill.—If you wish to
clean your spice mill, you will find that by
grinding a handful of raw rice through it
this can be accomplished. The particles
of spice and pepper or of coffee will not
adhere to it after this rice is ground
through it.

The testimony of the clergy supplements
that of persons in every walk of life in re-
gard to the virtue of Hostetter's Stomach
Bitters. Rev. Thomas Starkweather, who was long
afflicted with a severe cold, was told to use
the medicine. He did so, without much con-
fidence in the preparation, but he adds: "I
am bound to say the Bitters cured me, and I
own myself a convert to its efficacy."

Fit to All Fits stopped free by Dr. King's Great
Nerve Restorer. No other first day's use. Mar-
velous cures. Treatise and \$2 trial bottle free to fit
cases. Send to Dr. King, 231 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Young Men—Read This.
The Voltaic Belt Company, of Marshall,
Mich., offer to send their celebrated Electro-
Voltaic Belt and other Electric Appliances
on trial for thirty days, to men (young or
old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of
vitality and manhood, and all kindred
troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia,
paralysis and many other diseases. Com-
plete restoration to health, vigor and man-
hood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as
thirty days' trial is allowed. Write them at
once for illustrated pamphlet free.

Young Men—Read This.
The Voltaic Belt Company, of Marshall,
Mich., offer to send their celebrated Electro-
Voltaic Belt and other Electric Appliances
on trial for thirty days, to men (young or
old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of
vitality and manhood, and all kindred
troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia,
paralysis and many other diseases. Com-
plete restoration to health, vigor and man-
hood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as
thirty days' trial is allowed. Write them at
once for illustrated pamphlet free.

Young Men—Read This.
The Voltaic Belt Company, of Marshall,
Mich., offer to send their celebrated Electro-
Voltaic Belt and other Electric Appliances
on trial for thirty days, to men (young or
old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of
vitality and manhood, and all kindred
troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia,
paralysis and many other diseases. Com-
plete restoration to health, vigor and man-
hood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as
thirty days' trial is allowed. Write them at
once for illustrated pamphlet free.

Young Men—Read This.
The Voltaic Belt Company, of Marshall,
Mich., offer to send their celebrated Electro-
Voltaic Belt and other Electric Appliances
on trial for thirty days, to men (young or
old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of
vitality and manhood, and all kindred
troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia,
paralysis and many other diseases. Com-
plete restoration to health, vigor and man-
hood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as
thirty days' trial is allowed. Write them at
once for illustrated pamphlet free.

Young Men—Read This.
The Voltaic Belt Company, of Marshall,
Mich., offer to send their celebrated Electro-
Voltaic Belt and other Electric Appliances
on trial for thirty days, to men (young or
old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of
vitality and manhood, and all kindred
troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia,
paralysis and many other diseases. Com-
plete restoration to health, vigor and man-
hood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as
thirty days' trial is allowed. Write them at
once for illustrated pamphlet free.

Young Men—Read This.
The Voltaic Belt Company, of Marshall,
Mich., offer to send their celebrated Electro-
Voltaic Belt and other Electric Appliances
on trial for thirty days, to men (young or
old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of
vitality and manhood, and all kindred
troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia,
paralysis and many other diseases. Com-
plete restoration to health, vigor and man-
hood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as
thirty days' trial is allowed. Write them at
once for illustrated pamphlet free.

Young Men—Read This.
The Voltaic Belt Company, of Marshall,
Mich., offer to send their celebrated Electro-
Voltaic Belt and other Electric Appliances
on trial for thirty days, to men (young or
old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of
vitality and manhood, and all kindred
troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia,
paralysis and many other diseases. Com-
plete restoration to health, vigor and man-
hood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as
thirty days' trial is allowed. Write them at
once for illustrated pamphlet free.

NEW Indiana Law Books.

THE JUSTICE'S GUIDE, by Thomas M.
Clarke. A new and practical treatise for
Justices of the Peace, stating their duties
and showing them how to execute them,
with all